

CONCEYTED LETTERS, NEW-

LY LAYDE OPEN:

OR

A MOST EXCELLENT
BVNDLE OF NEW WIT, WHERE-
IN IS KNIT VP TOGETHER ALL
the perfections or arte of Episteling, by
which the most ignorant may with much
modestie talke and argue with the
best Learned.

A WORKE VARYING FROM THE
nature of former Presidents.



LONDON,

Printed by B. Alsop, for Samuel Rand, and are to be sold at his
Shop neere Holborne bridge. 1618.

COMPTON

1911

1912

1913

1914

1915

1916

1917

1918



To the inditious Reader.



Three things (Judiciall Reader) make Bookes, and the publication of Bookes about good; excellent, so wit, *Necessitie*, *Utility*, & *Implicity*, & where any one of these are figured, no doubt but the Image is most comely, then how much more where all are contained, not *Helens* thirty perfections can challenge more admiration, and though it may sauer of Ostentation, to say this Pamphlet hath all, yet it shall not be against truth to approve the subiect, more then a Master, yea even the soueraigne of all: for if writings be the verie soules and eternal substances of Time, what writings are so excellent as those which passe from man to man, Religion, Aduice, Familiaritie, Countship, and all necessary commercements (by which even the whole state of the world is sustained) being in them (as it were) bound vp to outliue all time, all computation, then what more necessary, for the profit how

To the Reader.

shall Kings know and communicate their great actions, enlarge their bounds, redresse their peoples iniuries, how shal the noble, know intelligēce to serue his Couētrie, the Merchant trade, or to his owne bring the wealth of many Kingdomes, or any or all sorts of people speake at a farre distance, but by the helpe of Letters only, then what to mankinde more rich and beneficiall, which *Tully* better to expresse, made it the crowne of all his labors. Lastly, in these written Heralds, are those employments and braue implications, that whatsoeuer is excellent or good in man, is to be seene in them, as in a myrror, and so to be implied eyther exemplarily or iudicially, according to the vertues and vices in them contained. If then these vertues shadowed in these Presidents shall giue thee that benefit which thine expectation, hopes, or the Authors ayme made his leuell vnto, I doubt not but thou wilt loue it, reade it, and imitate it so farre as to thy priuate benefit: Farewell.

Thine,

I. M.



CONCEYTED LETTERS, NEWLY LAYDE OPEN.

A LETTER TO A FRIEND,
to Borowe Money.



If borrowing of Money be not a breach of Friendship, let me intreat your patience to open your Purse, a present occasion puts me to the adventure of your kindenesse, the matter is not much, yet will at this time pleasure me as much as so much may doe: the sum five pounds, the time three moneths, my credit the Assurance, and heere I shanke the Interest. Thus without troubling the Broker, or charging of the Scrivener, hoping my Letter shall be of sufficient power to prevaile with your loue; In treating your present answer, in the affection of an honest heart, I comit you to the Almightie. Yours, for not his owne
D. M.

His Answer.

If your Friendship were a follower of Fortune, I should have but little life in this world, the contents of your Letter hath put mee to a strict account with my estate, how I may helpe you, and not hurt my selfe. I could
make

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make sufficient Excuses, but that they taste of small comfort: and therefore knowing Time to be precious, and to be delays, let this suffice you, your Request I have satisfied, and the Money I have sent you: and not doubting your Credite, will take your word for a Word. Now for the rest without abuse, I wish but Requital, upon the like occasion. And so (glad that in this, or any thing in my power,) I may make proof of my love: I rest in the same.

Yours, or not my owne.

N. R.

A Letter to a Kinsman, for Newes.

I Would be glad to heare how you doe, how the world goes with you, what newes are stirring, what whorlignes are in the braines of mad men, and what rekes & askees keep among better men, what their opinions are that study the starres of the man in the Moone, and whether honest men among the multitude be not taxed for their wisdom: How farre a mans tongue will goe beyond his teeth, and doe no hurt to his lippes, and whether Dalila be dead that betrayed Sampson to the Philistines, How Pride and Patience agree together in vngracious Spirits, How the Diuell bestirs him about his villany in the world: and whether loue bee not laught at for a merrie jest of witte, especially where the weaker sex want the strength of vnderstanding, many such notes may light in the way of thy obseruation: of which what thou hast in memory, I pray thee put downe in a few lines, which shall not be lost in my loue, and the sooner the better, for by thy long silence, I doubt of thy welfare, how euer it be keepe it not from thy friend, who regards not fortune but vertue: vpon which my affection grounded can neuer be removed: As a well.

Thine or not his owne,

W. T.
Good

Newly layde open.

God Cousine, you write vnto mee to knowe how
I doe : in a word neuer tooke, both weak in bo-
die, and sicke in minde, in briebe as neare death as
may be to liue : if you knew my crookes, you would pitie
my discomforts, the varietie whereof is so great, that
I thinke there was neuer Carre so loaden with Wares,
as my heart is with heauinesse and woes !

Oh this iron Age smells of nothing but Rust, whiles
the bagges of mettall eates vp the hearts of men : where
is kindnesse, but onely among Childzen for Apples and
Puts : Friendship (I thinke) is flowen away for feare
of abuse, and loue is among the Saintes which are on-
ly in Heauen : and if the world be at this passe, in what
case are the people : where Men in shape are Monsters
in Nature ; and where Women (since the Creation,)
are become Strange Creatures ? whiles howling with
sinne, and weeping with shame, makes such a black ghost
amongst tormented soules, as if the Diuell had licence to
make a Hell vpon Earth : Some are all for the Church,
and nothing for **G O D** : other all for **C H R I S T**, &
nothing for Charitie : and most men for themselves, and
leaueth their Neighbours to the wide world. Childzen
are weary of their Parents, before they see parentee of
Childzen, and Parents so couetous and vnkinde, that na-
ture hath forgotten her course. To conclude, the misery
of Time is such, as puts Patience to the utmost tryall of
her strength, and by the course of the Elements, the Al-
maynack-makers knowes not what will become of this
world : now for my selfe, I would I were with him that
made it : but his Will be done, who can mende it at his
pleasure : vnto whose heauenly tuition, vntill I see you,
I leaue you,

Yours, or not his owne.

R. B.

A Letter of Challenge.

If I thought that you durst answer me, I would chal-
lenge you, yet where the sicke of a fener may burne at

Conceyted Letters,

ter a shaking, I knowe not how shame may make a Cowarde more desperate, then valiant: yet once my wrongs I can put by, whilst looking on the object of my Revenge, I become an abiect to my selfe, to thinke what mettall I am to temper with. But in haste to lose no more time with you, to Morrow is my day, the hower eight in the morning, the place, the Padocke within the Thicket: where the determination of businesse I hope will be briefer then discourse, and so I ende: endlesse.

*Yours: as you have
made mee.*

T. N.

His Answer.

Ide humours shewes adde Braynes, where lacke of iudgement, proues imperfection indiscretion: To challenge a Coward is no valour, but if your sword were as nimble as your Penne, I should not knowe how to put by the poynts: but I thinke that your furie is but a flash, which betwixt heate and colde, hath made a little thunder, that will goe away in a Clowde: to temper with Mettalls is fittest for Artificers, but in the rules of honoꝛ scoꝛne hath no place. But touching your agomies, take heede of an Ague, lest shame followes shifte, in putting off a Quarrell; with excuse: in haste, there shall nothing sayle but your selfe; who as you deserue at my hands, shall kinde me from my heart,

Yours, as you mine.

R. D.

A Loue-Letter, to a worthie Gentle-woman.

Farre Spieris, if I had no eyes, I should not like you, and if no wit I should not loue you, for the brightnes
of

Newly layde open.

of your Beauty is for no blind sight to gaze upon, nor the
worthines of your vertue for no weakc braynes to beate
upon. If you say I flatter you, looke into your selfe, and
be me no wrong, and if I be you right, chuse not Af-
fection, for a discoverie, where truth is honourable, par-
don my presumption if it exceeds your pleasure, and com-
mend his service, who will make an honour of your fa-
vor: So intreating your patience, for answer to my
poore Letter, untill I heare from you, and alwayes I
rest,

*Your deuoted,
to be commaunded.*

N. R.

Her Answer.

So; if your wits goe with your eyes, your braynes
may be on the out-side of your head: and then if you
deceyue your selfe, I hope I shall not bee blamed,
Colours are but shadowes, and may be full of illusions,
and the worthynesse of vertue may be a reach aboue the
wordes reason, yet the discovery of affection may be
more in wordes then matter, especially where discretion
sonnes the depth of desert, though the honour of truth be
worth regard. Where there is no faults there nōdes no
pardon, and therefore without trouble of Patience, fin-
ding no cause of displeasure, I thus conclude: None hath a
privilege to be at the command of kindnesse, in which
I rest, to wish you much happinesse.

Your wel-willing Friend,

E. S.

A Conceyted Letter of Newes.

Good Wicke, I knowe you looke for newes, from
this plot of our Earthly Paradise, which when you
leest,

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left, it was a place of great pleasure: but since your departure, some wicked Blasts haue withered some of our principall Plants, but God be thanked, we haue at this time so good a Gardener, that so plucks vpp the Weedes by the rootes, that (I hope) this Spring wee shall haue a flourishing piece of ground.

Hobgoblin and the Faries, hath brought the Belauers to the Gallies: where (had not Mercie giuen grace) they had bene almost at Oman in Desperation; But it is an ill winde, that blowes no man to good: for Walter-men and Ballet-makers were not better sette a trocke this many a day. Our Sunne thewes his beams in great brightnesse, whiles the man in the Moone is fallen quite thorough the Clowdes: wilde Wydes put in Caddes, become tame in little time: but our Jacke Dawes will be chattering, whiles they haue a tongue in theyr heads.

Our Turtle-Doves are the prettiest soles in the world: but when a Cuckoo counterfaits the Nightingale, there is an ill Cloffe in the Musicke: Our Peacocke was so proud, that hee could not leaue spreading his tale, but since moulting-time hee hath lost many of his Feathers. Our Poast-horses haue galled their Riders, and our Asses are kept but onely for theyr milke: in summe, for Men and Women, the best (God be thanked) are well, and for the worst God will take order for theyr amendment, and so with my most hearty commendation, I rest

Your euer-loving Nephew.

T. M.

The Vnckles Answer.

My kinde Nephewe, I thanke thee heartily for thy merrie Letter, in which I like well of thy indgement in writing of Newes, to meddle with no matters of

Newly layde open.

of state : for he that lookes too high may haue a suddain
dolours-fall, an olde Countrey-Prouerbe, may proue a
good parte of speache :

I remember I haue heard my Graund-father tell
of one that was taught him in his Travell : Let the
Horse neigh, know thou thy course and goe thy way: and
so much for this. Now for your Earthly Paradise, I
thought it (when I came from it) a goodly pace of ground,
and 'twas pittie that any Blasse should perith the least
Plant in it: But as it is I am very glad to heare so well
of it, G D D blesse the owner of it, and the Gardener,
that so well wéedeth it.

Now for the Byrdes, hee that knoweth not a Cuc-
kooe from a Nighthale, is like vnto a Lark-catcher,
that hauing caught an Owle, took her for a fine Hawke,
till looking on her face, and fearing she had bene a spirit,
he let her flye to the Diuell. As for Peacocks, they will
be proude, till they looke on theyr legges, and Jackdawes
will prate, it is their nature : and therefore be not angry
with a Pike-wenche, if she make not a curtse like Mi-
strisse Constable, for there may be difference in their byr-
ding, and so forth.

Now for our Countrey-newes, I will tell you what
is come to my hands : our Coultres are so lustie, that we
cannot keepe a filly in quiet for them, and our Cose are
so fatte that they wallowe as they goe : our Sowes are
so forward, that we shall haue a world of fat pigges: and
our Cwes so suckle our Lambes, that they leaue almost
no flesh on their backs : our Gill horse hath broken his
halter, and layd his load at the Gill doore: and our towne
Bull is so fat, that he shall be baptes for the Butcher : our
Towne is so full of Marriages, that there is scarce Cakes
enough for the Brides.

Tom Piper and the blinde Harper are hyred for these
Hollidages with my young Landlord, who hath sworne
by his Fathers soule, that hee will whord by none of his
Siluer : Other such homely stuffe there is to be about

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be, but because you haue better ~~Wares~~ nearer hand, I
care not much if I trouble you no longer with such ~~Tri-~~
fles. I pray you let me heare from you, of such occurrences
as comes in your way : In the meane time alwayes
I rest.

Thy most louing Uncle.

F. L.

A Conceyted Loue-Letter.

Sweet Creature, to tell you I loue you, were a
subtile of to plaine a fashion : and yet when truth is
indeed the best eloquence, affection needs no inuention
to expresse the care of her content ; which being in these
Letters, makes a word some to be read, which being
Y: O: V: nothing doubting your spelling, I hope you
will so kindly put together, that a Coniunction of Loue
shall haue no separation during life : And thus be-
shing you to learne this lesson by hart, without a crosse in
conceyte, to hinder the course of lones comfort : Till I
heare from you in that nature, that may make me a hap-
py creature, I rest.

*Yours wholly,
and onely. if you will.*

M. D.

Her Answer.

Kinde Sir, to tell you I loue you, were too crosse an
Answer with a comfortable request : and yet when
dissimulation is the worst fruits of inuention, discretion
may be pardoned in concealing of loue. Touching your
letter, they are sooner read then understood, while Ima-
ginatiue hopes may be deceyued in theyr happinesse, and
yet to auoyde all touch of Ingratitude, in that nature of
kindenesse, that may giue hono^r content, as a simple
scholler in the arte of loue, loathes to haue that by heart,
that

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that may trouble more then my head, when separation of
Coniunctions may endanger the death of Comfort, wi-
thing nothing, nothing amisse, to them that means all
well, I rest.

Tours, as I may be mine owne,

E. B.

A Letter from a Ladie to a Gentleman,
whom shee called her Seruant, for
the preferring of a Gentle-
woman vnto her.

Seruant I haue often spoken to you for that you must
needs do for me: I am going to the Court, and shall
haue great vse of a Gentle-woman to attende me.
I know you haue many kind-men and acquaintance, a-
mong whom you may finde one to fitte me: I will take
her at your hand, and regard her for your sake, and if her
deserts answers my desires, she shall lose no lone in my
fanoz, and therefore leauing this trusty charge to the care
of your discrete kindnesse, as you will expect a greater
courtessie at my hands: I rest,

Your louing Mistresse.

F. T.

His Answer.

Gode Madams; you spake vnto me, to helpe you
to a Gentle-woman, which with my letter I haue
here sent you: a Woman and gentle, who I hope
will not be altogether vnworthy of your entertainment:
for her Person, she is not deformed, nor her face of the
worst feature, she is neither bleat-eyed, nor tongue-tied,
and for her qualities I hope she can doe more then make
curtise

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outsey and blash : her Parentage is not bare, nor her
breeding idle, and for her disposition, I hope it will be no-
thing displeasing : to praise her in any perfection, I dare
not, but in all will leave her to the tryall of your patience :
So wishing my dutifull service in this, or what else may
lie in my power, so fortunate as to deserve your favour,
and this Gentle-woman so gracious as to gaine the con-
tinuance of your good opinion, in Prayer for your health,
and hearts most wished happinesse, I take my leave for
this time, but rest at all times,

Your Ladyships

most humble Servant.

R. G.

A Letter from a kinde of *Diegines*, to a Courtyer.

Sir, I heare by some of my acquaintance that you goe
on apace with the World: I pray GOD you go
as fast towards Heauen; but by the way let me tell
you, what I thinke fittest for you, now and then to haue
minde of, least you forgette the wayne, while the bye-
way deceyue you : for what is Honor without vertue?
King David tells you, it is but a blast : meaning a
proud man : and what is Wealth without Wise-
dome, but Couetousnesse? and that is the rote of all
evill : and what is Life without Grace, the very high-
way to Hell?

Let therefore Vertue be your Honor : Wisdom
your Wealth : and Grace your Life : so that GOD
bless you, the diuell can neuer hurte you : Let not a lit-
tle

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the wealth beget a great deale of pride in you, lest a great
deale of pride beget you but little witte. I know whence
you are : who you are : and where you are : You are
from the stime of the Earth, but a Creature on Earth :
Be merry with measure, but be not madde in any case :
For Patience is the gyde of Experience, where haste
makes more waste then good worke : To conclude, be
loyall to Soueraignetie : faithfull in Friendship: con-
stant in Love : and honest in all : Farewell.

Thine as thou knowest.

B. B.

A Letter of zealous loue, written from
a Gentleman to his Bro-
ther.

Brother, since I last heard from you, I am sorrie to
heare that I doe of you: that you are wound so farre
into the World, as if that you neuer meant to get
out of it ; you know I haue travelled farre, some much,
and haue some vnderstanding : by all the obseruation of
time, in the courses of Nature, I finde Salomons truth
in the tryall of the World, that there is little of it, but
is little worth in it, (when all being but Vanitie) there
is little vertue to be found in it : Beloue me Brother,
we are neuer in one nature, but differ in another: in the
Flesh, but not in the Spirit ; For whiles I contem-
plate the substance of the Soules comfort, thou art pur-
zelled in the World, among the puddles of the Earth,
yea, I feare the nature of thy affect to bee as farre from
the rule of Religion, as the most senselesse Creature is
from the vse of Reason :

C

Dh

Conceyted Letters,

right
Oh brother, I know thou hast wronged many, and thy selfe most, I would thou wert a Zacheus to write all: but better betimes then to late, loke home to the maine chance, haue a care of thy soule, and thy body will be the better; beleue it, there is no rust sateth so fast into any mettall, as the venom of Auerice into the heart of a wicked man: Probigality is the way to penury, but Conscience is the roote of all euill, betwixt both there is a meane, that to hit on, is a kinde of happinesse, and if thou hast no eares but of Midas, that can heare of nothing but gold, take a heart of Simion, to ioy in nothing but Christ Iesus. Turne a new lease, serue God for whom thou wert created, and let not the earth triumph ouer thee, for whom it was made to tread vpon, lift vp thine eyes towards heauen, where our ioy of the Elect is worth all the Kingdomes of the world: leaue the world ere it leaues thee, and loue him euer, that will neuer leaue thee: let thy life be a Pilgrimage, and the earth but a passage, and the heauen only the home of thy soules eternall happinesse, once a day reade these few lines for my sake, which if they doe that good to thee, which I hartly pray for in thee, till when and euer my hearts lone.

Thy louing Brother.

N. P.

His answer

My good Brother, I thanke you for your careful and kinde Letter, yet let me tell you, that zeale without discretion proues not the best part of Religion: Reports may be idle, and then beleefe may be erroneous, when mistakings by misconstruings may breed abuse of gods vses: I know that Riches are Witches to them that

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that make their heauen of this world, but he that hath a
leaden wit, will neuer worshipping a golden Calse: But
since I know Abraham and Lazarus were alike in elec-
tion, giue mee leaue while I am in this world, by
Christ rather then Auarise, rather to be a Husband-
man, then to be a labourer for hire: if I haue won-
ged any, it is vnwillingly, whom if I know, I will se-
tifie most willingly, and for the wound of conscience, I
hope to be so farre from Hypocrisie, that I shall be free
from that seare, and therefore though trauel hath taught
you much experience in the world, and hauing sufficient
maintenance to passe through the world, you make the
lesse account of the world, yet when carefull Christ be-
deeth no coustons thraldome, be not iealous of my loue,
with all the pleasures of the world to make comparison
with the least of heauens comfort, I know the highest
mountaine is but earth, and the lowest valley is no o-
ther, and therefore when I carry my foot-stole on my
head, let mee walke like a sole or monster. In briebe, I
know the world and how to vse it, and keepe account
with my cares, how I may most contentedly leaue it,
but for my loue to him that made it, let me liue no longer
in it, then I loue and honoꝝ him aboue it, and so intre-
ating you to blow off all breaths that may abuse my dispo-
sition, and to be perswaded so farre of my soules health,
that my ioy is euer and only in Christ Iesus, to his pre-
servation, leauing the happy issue of your hopes in the
nature of the best loue, till I see you, and alwaies I rest:

Your most loving Brother,

T. W.

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A Letter of Loue , to an Honourable Ladie.

Honourable Madame : if Loue were not above
reason, it would not be so high in regard : who
dwelling onely in the spirites of the best understand-
ings, feeds the heart onely with the fruits of an infalli-
ble resolution : What it is in it owne nature hath bene
diuersly described, but I thinke neuer knowne but unto
them that inwardly knowe it. Some holde it a Riddle,
that none can interpret, but hee that made it : and o-
thers a Myracle, that amazeth all that beleeue it : but
if it be as I haue read of it, a Childe and Beautie be-
gette it : I hope Nature will be her selfe, and not un-
kinde unto her owne brade : How to p[er]me[n]trate truth, the
Honor in your Eyes, that haue wrought my heart to your
seruice, shall make knowne to your savor, in the hap-
pinesse of your Employment. So craving pardon for
my presumption, in my deuoted duty, to the honor of
your commaund, I humbly take my leave.

*Your Ladyships,
in all humbleness.*

R. M.

Her Answer.

Worthie Knight, if Loue be above Reason, it
must be eyther Diuine or Diuinely, and so re-
garded accordingly : what it is I thinke is best known
by

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by the effect of it, howsoever tole byaynes haue beaten about the description of it : Riddles are but Feasts of witte, and Myacles are ceased for being some in our Age, but if it be a Child (though of a strange Parentage,) surely Nature will not suffer the Mother to be cruell to her owne byrde, but if it fall out to be an ungracious Father, what then will be thought of the Children : yet least in misconstruing a conceit, I may mistake a content, since in the secret of Nature may be a sense of strange understanding, I will suspend my iudgement, till I haue made profe of my opinion : when Eyes and Hearts meet together in discourse, I hope the businesse will be soon ended, (that is) referred to indifferent iudgement : So till occasion be offered of the performance of Employment, hoping that Vertue and Honor will soon agree vpon sure grounds, till I see you, I rest,

Your loving Friend,

M. W.

A Letter from a Knight to a Nobleman, for the entertaining of a Secretary.

NOBLE LORD, I heare that your Secretary hath lately taken his leaue of this worlde, in whose place (if you be not prouided) let my loue preuaile with your Honor, for the entertainment of this bearer, a Gentleman and a Binsman of mine, in whose commendations I dare thus farre vse my credits, his heart shall bee as faire as his hand vpon any occasion of your Employment, and for his wit it is both in Capital and Copie-holds, for he hath read much, and obser-

Capite

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N
ued more then a little, his descent hath borne from the
loynes of an honourable Line, and for his disposition
euery way, I hope you shall finde it no way displeasing,
not to trouble you with long circumstance, leauing your
happinesse to your acceptance, with my seruice to your
command: in all humble loue I take my leaue for this
time. But rest during life.

Your Honours deuoted,
so be commaunded,

W. R.

The Lords answere.

N
M^y kind knight, I haue receyued your letter, ful-
filled your request, and entertained your kinsman,
of whom I am already so well perswaded, be-
sides the assurance of your knowledge, that I thinke a
little matter shall not make square in our loues: I finde
what you writte of him, and shall haue much employ-
ment for him, I thanke you for him, and if he continue
his carriage, which I doubt not, he will bee of better
fortune then my fauour, and yet somewhat the more for
your sake, I will take such a care of him, that ere many
monthes passe you shall finde my loue in him, so till I see
you at my house, where you shall make your owne wel-
come. I rest,

Your most assured friend,

E. S.

Newly layde open.

A Letter of a simple man to a Schol-
ler, that was determined to play
the Wagge with him.

Worshipfull Sir, I vnderstand by my honest
friend and Schoelfellow in our Parish church,
that your Worshipp hath a great knowledge
in casting of Nativities, and telling mens fortunes, to
tell you truly what yeares I am, my Grandame sayes
I was at lawfull age to enter vpon my Fathers Farms
at Lent last, and then your Worshipp may ghesse much
about the time, tho the day and the hours I do not wel
remember: But to the purpose, I heare say that in your
Studie among the Starres, you haue gone by all the
Planets, and ten to one if your Worshipp will goe o-
uer them, but you shall finde mee in one of them, and if
you aske of them that dwell in those houles, some of
them may tell you that of mee that all the world is not
acquainted with, I pray you Sir let mee entreate you
to take a little paines for mee, and chiefly, what good
happe or ill is like to betide mee, as well among men
as women, and when I come for my note, I will better
consider your paines, in the meane time I haue sent
you a peece of gold that sawe no light this many a day: so
till I heare from you, which I pray you let bee as soone
as you can, I commit your Worshipp to God. From
my house at Colurnsbery this second day of Iuly, 1615.

Your Worships to command,

Ienkin Hoguiskine.

His

Conceyted Letters,

His Answer.

M^y god Friend, I receyued your Letter and your kinde Token, and though I loue not to shewe my skill in those secrets, yet for your Schoole-fellowes sakes I haue taken a little paines for you: I will tell you what I haue found among them all: if you were bozne vpon the Sunday, Sol is a hote Planet, and you will be much subiect to Sun-burning, especially (if you goe to Plough bars headed: if vpon the Monday, the Moone is full of water, and if you fill your bzainess too full of Drinke, you may growe Lunatike, and so be in danger of Bedlams: if vpon Tuesday, Mars is a bloody fellowe, and if you goe to fistickes, you will hardly be without a bloody nose: if vpon Wednesday, you must weare a nightcap, and be euer at your booke: especially (if you can write and reade) and be in any Office in your Parish: if vpon the Thursday, you will be as p^{ro}uide as a Beggar, especially (if you weare your best clothes) on a workingday: if vpon a Friday, beware Wenches, least they make thee a p^{ro}ze man, especially (about Cuckow time:) and if vpon a Saturday, Oh you will be so forward that (if you Marrie) your Wife will neuer endure the house with you, especially (if thou be of the b^{re}de of a Scholler:) and therefore not yet hauing heard any newes in any of the houses of you: untill I heare from you againe, I can say no more to you, and so I rest,

Your assured Friend.

T. W.

A Letter to a Friend, on the
other side of the Sea.

Distance of place must make no difference of minds,
Love and Life amongst hearts make an end together,

Newly layde open.

ther, I haue long longed to heare from you, and if I
had knowne whether, I had eare this written vnto
you: but now hauing met with him that meaneth short-
ly to see you, I haue thought good to let you know, that
I yet liue to loue you, and forget not to pray for you, that
all happinesse may befall you; Glad I would be to see
you, and in the meane time to heare from you, how the
world goeth there about you, whether al birds be of one
feather, and how they sit together, what blazing stars
haue bene lately scene, and what your Astronomers
thinke what will follow of their appearance, whether
your wine be watered before it come ouer, & how youth
and age agree vpon the Coniunction Coplatiue: how
the great fish and the little agree together in your seas,
and how your Rabbits escape the lute abroad, and
the Pole-Cat in their Bosomes, how the fers and
wolves prey vpon your Goats and Lambs, & what sport
your Swallows make with the flies in the ayre.
I wish you not to write of any Wonders, because they
are incredulous, nor of matters of state, for they may
be perhappes ill taken: but onely how honest men
thriue, and knaues haue their rewards, how wise
men are honoured, and fooles laught at, and how the
weaker sort hold their strength with the stronger, when
wenches eyes pull out mens hearts out of their Bel-
lies, their wittes out of theyr brynes, and theyr
money out of their purses, and such matters of no more
moment, then must needes if you will take a litle
paines to set downe in a litle paper, I shall be glad
to looke vpon them, and in my loue to requite them,
for our world to heare it, were a worlde to thinke of it:
But the Messengers haue not giuing me time to write
of it vntill the next Poste, I will say but this of it, God
blesse the best, and mend or end the worst, grant all ho-
nest hearts good liues in it, and a toyfull departure when

D

they

like Jan^{ry} 8

Conceyted Letters.

they are to leaue it, to which prayer, hoping you will say
Amen, till we meet, and alwayes, I rest,

Yours, or not mine owne.

I. G.

His Answer.

My long acquaintance, and worthy beloued friend,
I haue lately receyued your letters, wherein I find
your desire to heare of the passages in the world on this
side the salt-water. Now to satisfie in as much as I
can, let mee tell you that I finde some difference in the
natures of Nations, but touching their diuisions, I
thinke they are much alike thorow the whole World:
for on the one side, I finde the powerfull, impetuous:
the ambitious enuious, the cautious neuer satisfied, the
licentious idle, and the foolish vnprofitable: on the o-
ther side Hauily gracious, Honour vertuous, wealth
charitable, Christ wealthie, wit painefull, and Religion
loyall, and Labour commodious. Now looking into
the danger of Greatnesse, the charge of Honour, the care
of wealth, the misery of want, the folly of wantonnesse,
and the beggery of idlenesse: I haue chosen the means
for my part of musicks, where I shall neither straine my
voyce, nor stretch my stringes, but with little charge
keepe my instrument in tune: The passages are heere
as in other places, when January and May meet in con-
iunction, there are Strange kindes of countenances that
shew not the best content.

And when Windes are highest in Summer, the fruit
shall fall ere they be ripe, Many idle exercises are more
costly

Newly layde open.

costly then comfortable, much talke and little truth, e
gaye out sides haue poore insides, rather and yes as
common as High-ways, and painted images make
seely idols, honest men thought more silly then the wise
among the Wizards of the world, and the Diuel among
the Brokers dayly hunted with beggars, murmuring of
warre among vnquiet Spirits, and Peace guarded for
feare of a close Stratageme. In summe, such variety of
businesse, that euery mans braine is full of humours: and
for women they are of such force, that they put men to
great patience: for my selfe, I see the world at that
passe, that I thinke him happy that is well out of it: in
summe, God blesse the best while the worst mend, and
send vs his grace, and health with a happy meeting: so
till I heare from you, which I wish often with my hart
loue that shall neuer end but with life, with my heartie
commendations I commit you to the Almighty.

Yours as mine owne,

R. G.

A Letter from a friend in the City to a
Scholler in the Vniuersity.

Honest Ned, since I left the blessed place wherein
thou dwellest, I am come into a world that both
amaze me with imaginations, how Nature could
so iuggle with the world as to make men become sha-
dowes, and women pictures: but neare the end of daies
I see the Diuel labours hard about his harness, else
could madnesse neuer so ouer-rule, as to turn wisdom
out of daies. The disloyaltie of Subjects to most gra-
tious Princes, vnthankfulness of seruants to most
bountifull masters, vnthankfull heartes to best deser-
uing

Conceyted Letters,

huge
uing Spirits, disobedient children to most carefull parents, yea most vngacious creatures to the most gracious Creator, makes mee feare a new healing upon the earth, to cleanse the World from iniquitie, the Diuel is feared in his colours, but followed in his conditions, and heauen more spok of, the lookt after, charitable mouths haue other meanings in their hearts, and oathes are so common that they are little in account, the cuppe of sinne is toppe full to the brimme, and day is careused to the health of the Diuell: Reason so bewitched to the World, that A.T. to much in the world makes him a wofull Scholler that keepees that lesson in his heart, lacke a Lent scarce a Gentleman will ride on Cocke-horse, like a rascal, and Ioue Fiddle in a French hood will be a Lady before her Mistress. Drifon is become a practise of policie to deccie the witte with a plot of villanie: The breath of some man is deadly, especially upon a capitall offence: When iustice in partiall wordes the land of the vnnaturall: The Dinner of the three trees hath gotten much by vniuolsesome fruit, who when he hath pured the outside, puts the rest in an earthen pir. Welcome me Ned, I shall not bee at rest till I be with thee, where I may walke to the well that yeeleues the Spirit a sweet Water. Shortly I hope to see thee, in the meane time, let mee heare from thee that upon the least of thy wish, I may the sooner be with thee. Farewell.

Thine if his come.

R. D.

His

Newly layde open.

His answer.

Kinde Francke, in perusing of thy Letter, I find no little touch of passion, and that thy brain is not a little discomposed with the cares of this world, which though they touch not thy person, yet being a Christian, thou canst not but hate a Ielo: for mine owne part, I haue read of many idle passages in times past, but I am most hartily loy to heare of the sinfull occurrents of this age: I haue read in the Discourse of Sin, that Enue is a pestilent humo; in a pestiferous spirit, and that Wids is the fore-bode of Follies, that drabors the Diuels Car into hell: I haue read likewise, that Duene Helens lust was the spoile of Troy, and that her name will neuer be blotted out of the blacke booke of Infamie: I haue read of many things, of which I haue taken some notice, as of the Cuckow killing the Sparrow that hatcheth her, and the Turkie cocke beating his henne when kee hath trod her, but a Dogge to be too saurie with a Lion: sic vpon it, there is almost no brast can abide it. I read likewise, that vpon a time, that sin was growne to such a height that the Diuel layd about him like a grent Lord, but God be thanked, there was an Angell that had authoritie o-uer him, seing his rakes, quickly weakened his force, fetched him into his precinct, and kept him so fast locked in his chaine, that he could not passe beyond his limits, but what is all this to thee, no more but a requitall of thy kinnesse, as thou writest what thou hast sen, so I what I haue read, when set the Ware against the Gole giblets and there would be a strange rish of didlums: wel, when thou art weary there, come hither, and as wee may, wee will be merrie together: Farewell.

Thine, or not his selfe,

W. R.

Conceyted Letters,

A Letter to a Scholler that tooke vpon him the
Interpretation of Dreames.

SINCE I heare by a kinsman of mine, among other
your dape iudgements in many other learned points
of Arte, of your excellent iudgement in the interpre-
tation of Dreames, and being perswaded much of your
kindnesse, by such as hath conuersed much in your com-
pany, I am bold to intreate your opinion vpon some ap-
paritions that lately troubled me in my sleepe, and though
I will not be frighted with Furies, nor will trust into
flatteries, yet if I may haue some notice of the issue of
these night troubles, I shall take it for a kindnesse, that I
would not bury in oblivion. First, mee thought I saw
Phaeton in the skie, sitting in Sols glozious Carre, and
many fiery driuers about him, but on a sodaine giuing
his horses the bridle, for want of holding they run with
such a speed, that the Carre was overthrotone, Phaeton
fell downe and all his driuers with him: with the sudden
noise whereof I awoke, when I fell asleepe againe, I
saw, mee thought, certaine great Starres mounting a-
boue the Sonne, but coming nere his heate they were
suddenly dissolued, hange a while in the aire, and at last
fell into the bottome of the earth, with the fall whereof
I awoke, now toward morning, taking a little nappe,
mee thought I saw a kinde of Furie or the Diuell let out
of hell with charmes or poisons to doe much hurt in the
world, but a gracious power came from heauen, for the
good of the world, and with the breath of his mouth made
her so vanish away, that I neuer heard more what be-
came of her. These were the three dreames which trou-
bled me in my sleepe, the interpretation whereof, leauing
to the description of your kinde patience: I rest.

Your louing friend,

R. I.

His

Newly layde open.

His answer.

SI it, though my profession be not to interpret night troubles: yet at the request of your friend, I am content to tell you mine opinion of your strange apparitions. Touching your first dreame, it should seeme you are somewhat Poeticall, and having the day before read of the fiction, were troubled in the night with a fable: for your mounting Starres, I guesse you were the evening before at the Starre of the Poone, or some such elemental signe, studying some Laerne Astronomie, that your braine being in the altitude of *Canary*, taking the candles for starres, seeing one of them by mischance fall with his candlestick downe to the ground, being a little troubled with it to bed-ward, brought out this strange vision in your sleepe. For the third, if you come to furies, the Devils, or such kinde of Spirits, I have nothing to say to them, nor will trouble my thought with them.

And therefore leaving such as lous Hell to deale with such Waggies. Beseeching God to blesse me and thee, and all honest hearts from all such horrible creatures: I rest,

Your loving friend,

L. T.

A Letter of a Patient to his Physician.

MAfter Doctor, your Patient comends him to your patience, to beare a little kinde chiding for your too long absence: my disease holds his owne, and my paine nothing diminished, and if you come not the sooner your Physicke will be past working, for my stomacke is weakke, and my heart groweth faint, and yet I feele, though

Conceyted Letters,

though my Iſpection be not the beſt, leaſt I am to languish, if I may haue hope of comfort, but your abſence makes me doubt of my recovery. I pray you therefore haſte you vnto me, and let me be aſſured of your coming: leſt you come too late, you know my diſeaſe and are acquainted with my body, for my cure I leaue it to God and your conſcience, and ſo entreating your preſent anſwere of your Spacie preſence, I commit you to the Almighty.

Your ſicke louing Patient,

T. N.

His anſwere.

M^y good Patient, I feare your impatience hath by ſome paſſion encreaſed your paine, I know the force of your diſeaſe cannot but be weakened, if you be not moꝛ afraid then hurt, you will not die of this malady, if my buſineſſe were not great, I would ſee you, or if your need were great, I would not be from you: but knowing euery crampe is not a conuulſion, nor euery ſtitch at the heart: I will onely wiſh you to put off melancholie, to take heed of cold, to haue minds rather of heauen then earth: Eate good meat, but not too much: Drinke good wine, but meaſurably: be in charitie with all the world, but not too farre with any, eſpecially with the feminine gender: vſe motion for naturall Phyſicke, and let a merrie heart be your beſt Phyſician, for conceit is hurtfull, if it be not contentiue, and it is paſt the reach of my reaſon. to cure a corrupted mind: ſhortly, and God willing, I will ſee you, in the meane time imagine I am with you, for indeed I wil not be long from you: and this let me tell you, that to put you out of feare, I haue no feare of you, but that you will be paſt Phyſicke ere my
hope

Newly layde open.

hope faile of your cure; and that will not be in haste, and so hoping that you are not so weak in spirit, but that you can endure a little paine with patience in hope of assured health, till I see you, and alwaies I tell,

Your Physitian and loving friend:

W. R.

A Letter from a yong Gentleman to an
old Captaine.

My good Captaine, having of late no little disposition to martiall discipline, and in the field of blood to adventure life for honoz, I am to entreate your advice as one long experienced in that course, for what you shall thinke fit for my furniture for such service as may deserve regard, and how I may so carry my selfe in all companies, that I may not be banished the best: and if it please you shortly to go over to your Company, that you will let me serve under your Colours: and so beseeching your present answer, that I may the better determine of my desires, leaving to your kinde direction the care of my instruction, protesting in my best endeavors to shew my love in your service; till I hear from you, I rest.

Your affectionate friend,

B. R.

His

Conceyted Letters,

His answer.

SI it, your desire I mislike not, if your bodie will answer your mind, your booke warres yeld no blowes, and therefore some swete in reading, but come to the trial of the businesse, and you will finde it full of bitternesse, but if resolution have taken roote with you, and not easily to bee remoued, I will tell you what I thinke shall most behoue you to carrie with you; a good heart, a stayed head, and a strong stomack, a purse to defray necessary charge, and a care in laying out of expences, neither offer nor take to long, at least not much: borrow little, pay all, obserue the wife, loue the honest, be not idle nor ill exercised, beware of foysesits, play and wanton pleasures, so; thy furniture, thy armes and pike, thy peece and thy sword, shall be sufficient to make thee a Souldier: serue God, and feare not the Diuell, let thy enemye see thy face, and not thy back, and be not proud of any honozable action; but giue God the glozy of all: when I goe, which will be shortly, I will giue thee notice, in the meane time see mee, and I will loue thee: Farewell.

Thy assured louing friend,

B. W.

A

Newly layde open.

A dogged Letter to a displeasing Companion.

After my harty commendations, hoping that you are in good health, as I was at the writing hereof, when my head akes, wishing you no better comfort, then a should to your wife, desirous to heare from you, that I may neuer heare more of you, and sozie with my selfe to be troubled with the thought of you, assuring you that there is no man cares lesse for you, for the wilenesse I know in you, and the villany I heare of you, wishing all honest men to beware of you, no wise man to trust you, hoping, if that God doe not the sooner mend you, the Gallows will end you: to deale plainly with you, as a Rakehell I sound you, so a Rakehell I leave you.

Yours as you see

by your good seruice.

T. M.

His answer.

O man in desperation, how are thy wits out of fashion; it seemes by thy spight, thy Spleene is full of corruption, for thy wishes they cannot hurt me; nor thy words trouble mee, for I am that thy wits are a well gathering, or gone God knowes whither: what ill soeuer you think of me, I know better then you thinke of mee, if your head ake, you should better binde by your bzaines, then let them flye so neere Bedlam, to raile without discretion, vpon a causelesse imagination: but while the wise note your folly, and the honest

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pitie your surie, I shall be the lesse sozie for you, because I will haue nothing to doe with you: if your breath bee as ill as your penne, no Christian will abide you. and so fearing nothing but as an idle humoz followeth you, a worse plague then a scolding wife, which is as neere hell as may be, will torment you: as a Woodcock I know you, and a Dawcock I hold you. and so till I see better of you, to your madde fits I leane you, and so rest as you see by the course of your owne cards.

Yours, as you mine,

D. R.

A Letter of Reconciliation.

Honest Daniel, I thought to trie the vertue of thy loue in thy patience, but I see we are all weake, when rage gets vp to his height. Reason is a poore man, if thou biddest thinke I was madde, thou mightest haue bene soyy and not angry, and if well in my wits, thou mightest haue thought it an humoz of isst to trie a friend in earnest: onely louers haue not bene of a little continuance, and shall a conceit of unkindnesse breake the knot of our friendship, fare bee it from both and either of vs, thou knowest thine owne desert, and my disposition and mightest therefore suspect my discomper of braine through the violence of the same disease, then fall into colloz upon a motion of male content: But since I began a quarrell, I will end the combate, and all causes set aside, loue thee in spite of all spight, and therefore let vs be as we were, and euer will be, one minde in two bodies, and so with hearts shaking hands,

-Lours

Newly layde open.

hands, and shaking of all ill humours, that may make
the least breach into our lones till I see thee, And al-
wayes I rest:

If not thine, not mine owne.

W. T.

His Answer.

My most worthy Beloued, and neuer to be remo-
ued kind Wilkin, beleue meitt: I can be angry
and eke with kindnesse to mixe with humours
in their kinde, onely to bee out of your deyt for a
few good words. I tooke a little paines to blot a little
paper, which if you will put to the fire, mine shall soone
consume to ashes, and to auoyde all inuioiall of mad
humours: I confesse Nature is subiect to imperfection,
yea and Reason is sometimes weake in discretion, but
loue is euer himselfe, where hee liues in the Spirittes
of vnderstanding. Thinke therefore of me as of your
selfe, who rather embrace kindnesse then beloue mad-
nesse, and leauing all humour of iest, haue a heart that
will euer loue you in earnest. So putting off all
thought of quarrell, where the combat is but a conceits
of kindnesse in the irremoneable resolution of infringe-
able affection: I rest as I haue beene and can now
be none other.

But thine what I am mine owne.

I. G.

Conceyted Letters,

A letter written from an olde man
to his son before his death.

My Sonne, thou art now comming into the world, that I am going out of, and yet before my departure out of it, let me tell thee what I hold needfull for thee to haue care of in it, I know thou wilt not break thy bread all in one house, seide alwayes of one dish, nor liue alwayes in one place, and therefore let mee reade thee a short Lecture for thy carriage in all courses, the Court is a place of charge more then ease, the Citie galvodes of more price then worth, and the Country speakes of more pleasure than profite, yet is there no seruice to the King, no dwelling to the City, nor pleasure to the Country, but all the waight of the worth of them is in the hand of Wisedome, who in the knowledge of the vse of them makes the best esteem of them: but least long Lessons may overcharge thy Memorie, take this one Rule for thy learning in all, and thou shalt finde it good in more then a few, where soeuer thou goest, note the best, choose the best, & keepe the best, be not buried in earth before thou comest to thy Graue, nor builde Castles in the Ayre, least they fall downe vpon thy head, Let not thy eyes abuse thy heart, nor thy tongue discredit thy Will, and let Reason gouerne Will in all the passages of Nature, be neither nedy nor vngatefull, vncourteous, nor unkind, and examine thy Conscience in the care of thy content, ground thy loue vpon Vertue, thy hope vpon reason, and thy happinesse vpon grace, liue as a Stranger in the world, and make all the hast thou canst into Heauen, be loyall to thy Prince, naturall to thy Country, faithfull to thy friend, kind to thy neighbour,

Newly layde open.

heart, and honest to the whole World, So shall God
blesse thee, the best loue thee, and the worst not hurt
thee.

And thus so weakes in body, that the Spirit fainteth
in forced to expresse the full of a Fathers loue vnto thee,
with my Prayers to the Lord of heauen for thy preser-
uation in this World, and eternall happinesse in the
World to come, with my lones blessing, and therewith
what I am able to leane thee, to the mercifull guards
of Heauens glory I commit thee.

Thy most louing Father,

W. I.

His Answer.

My most louing Father, this Legacy of your loue,
for the directiō of my life, how much I prize in my
hearts thankfulness, the eye of your iudgement shall
behold in my obseruation, and giue mee leane to tell you,
that in this little time that I haue spent idely in this
World, I haue had some taste of the meate that you
haue giuen mee, where I finde that the best meate
may bee spoiled in the dressing, while a cunning Cooke
will make a rich service of small cost, and though gi-
die heads are in loue with gawdes, yet since the bet-
ter sort of opinions esteeme a small Diamond before
a great Sapphire, I care not if I rather aduenture far
for the honoꝝ of vertue, then lessen my estate, by breach
of arms, & since there are so many counterfeites, that the
best Jeweller may be mistaken, I will meddle with no
such wares as may call repentance to an after recko-
ning, while my hart looketh toward heauen, I hope the
earth

Conceyted Letters,

earth shall not blinde mine eye, nor the vaine delights of
nature preuaile againſt the vertue of Reason: but alis
in the power of powers, by whose grace being guided,
I ſhall bee euers ſo preſerued, that howſoeuer my heart
be wounded, my faith ſhall neuer bee confounded, in
hope whereof, and prayers for which, beſeeching the al-
mighty epyther in health to prolong your dayes, or in
the Election of his leue to call you to a better life, moze
eſteeming theſe precepts of your leue, then all the poſi-
tion you can leaue, ſanng your bleſſing, I humbly take
my leaue.

Your moſt louing and

obedient Sonne,

W. R.

A Letter to a Kiſman that came
from the Vniuerſity to the
Court, was giuen much
to ſtudy.

My good Coſin, I heare ſince you came from the
Vniuerſity to the Court, you are enclined much
to Melancholy, your minde onely delighted in
reading and ſtudy, and among many variety of mat-
ters of import, that you take much delight in ſearch-
ing out of Pedigrees, and Heraldry, the knowledge
whereof I holde both honourable and profitable: but
the uſe thereof requires a hauefull care, for in diſcour-
ſing of matters haſt, may be brought within the com-
paſſe of folly: but as a friend to giue you a cauential
your courſe of that ſtudy, take my aduiſe for the be-
teſtering of your vnderſtanding in the beſt of your Coſes.

Newly layde open.

Be not too busie with the Crowne, and of all beasts be-
ware of the Lyon, if he sleepe, wake him not least you
trouble his patience, and in his walke crosse not his
way, least his frowne growes wrothfull, soe other
beasts thinke of them as your reason wil giue you leaue:
where you finde honours, note if you can the defects of
them, and soe bought Cotes, consider of them in their
kinds, times alter and natures in them, and therefore
in the setting downe of Antiquities, there may be much
deceit thow the corruption of the Writers o2 direc-
tors: soe strange Cotes, as to see an Eagle haue a flie
in her mouth, and a Housie bite a Catte by the tayle, o2
a Goose keepe a Foxe in his denne: Wonder at it, but
make no words of it, and if you see a black Swan in a
blew field, and an Ele in her belly, running out at her
tayle, o2 a Peacocks pulled out of his feathers, & making
his Pearch vpon a crosse barre, smile at the conceit, but
keepe the censure of it to your selfe. To conclude,
Heare much, but beloue little: Thinke much,
but speake little, and know much but meddle little,
but in meddling with other mens cotes, looke that you
loose not moze then your owne ierkin: And to wishing
your Studies as profitable as pleasing to you, till I see
you, I commit you to the Almighty:

Your louing Cousin,

W. R.

His

Conceyted Letters.

His Answer.

S^r, I haue read your Letter, and considered of the contents: To the answer whereof, giue me leaue to tell you that I am not determined to hurt mine eye-sight with too deepe looking into a Millstone, nor to belauie Antiquity further then Reason may carry my vnderstanding, and what soeuer I finde of Cotes, I will so carry my due and true allegiance to the Crowne, that I will auoyde all touch of disloyaltie: For the Lyon, I will neyther trouble him, waking nor sleeping, and for his walke, with no beast to be so foolish, as to crosse his pleasure in his passage: for your merry conceytes of strange Cotes, I will onely smile at my coniecture of them, and so long as I know a Falcon from a Buzzard, an Eagle from an Owle, and a fightingale from a Cuckow. Let mee alone to iudge of the Natures of Birdes, and how they are borne, and when I looke into the nature of Honour, whether by purchase, fauour or desert I note the time with the persons, and so goe on with my opinions to the iudgement, I keepe to my selfe, now for what else may grow out of this Study, eyther profite, pleasure, losse of time, or repentance, I thanke you for your *item*, to keepe my conceipt from discouise for all things are to be taken in their right kind, and when Learning growes hurtfull, it proues wit not well tempered: And therefore hoping so to make vse of my braines, that my head shall doe my body no hurte, With many thanks for your kind instructions, I comitt you to the Almighty.

Your very louing Kinsman,

T. D.

A Let.

Newly layde open.

A Letter of vnkindnesse vpon a conceite of ill carriage in a Friend.

There are two ill qualities in a Woman, and two worse in a man: In the first vnkindnesse and inconstancy, in the second, vnfaithfullnesse and vnthankfulnesse: and will you beare both the imperfections, that none may excuse you in euill, what my deserts haue bin at your hands you know, and what your requitall hath bin to me, I would I knew not: but what shall I thinke? is euery man onely for himselfe, and let the world go as it list, hath vertue abandoned the earth, and is wisdom so rapt vp in the mistie clouds of concupiscence, that she can scarce shew any glimmering of the light of true grace: God forbid, for vertue hath her working in all the children of her lone: of which I would you were one, that I might ioy as much in your conuersion, as I feare your confusion: Be not angry though I seeme bitter, for I am touched to the quicke, yet write I more out of loue then hate, for I will suspend my opinion untill your answer giue me satisfaction, that I shall shortly with your presence cleare my thought of your indignities, till when and alwayes I rest,

TOWNS AS YOU KNOW,

and shall know,

T. M.

Conceyted Letters,

His Answer.

What women are I know, but what me should be I know, and what I am you shall finde, alwayes one and the same, in irre-moueable affection to an assured friend. Vertue I know hath her working in the hearts of the honest, and I hope you wil not take me of a contrarie condition: but if a misse-report breeds a misse believe, an vngracious conceit may worke a grisuous vnkindnesse; if your deserts, and my requitall were weighed together in an euen Ballens, I hope there would not bee much inequality: but let humours bleed their last, and better thoughts wil follow: I am content to make a bitter sweet of an angry loue, shortly I will see you, and then so satisfie you that the old pouerbe shall come now in pzoofe. The falling out of Louers is the renewing of loue: in which I wil rest without all doubts,

Yours as I haue bene,

and euer will bee,

R. D.

A fantaſticke Loue Letter.

Mistris if you were not a witch, your eyes could not haue so wrought in my heart, as to make me thinke of nothing but your loue: and if your words were not charmes they could not so commaund me from my selfe, as to seuer me wholly to your seruice: but if it be so that you are but a Creature onely to crucifie my spirit, I must onely pray for patience to mitigate my passion,

Newly layde open.

passion, finding your nature as farre from pittie, as my hope is from happinesse, that if there be any speake of grace in you, let it kindle a cole in your kindnesse, to warme the life of my loue, that I may not die in the cold feare of disdain: but reuining in the vertus of your fauour, I may honoꝛ you aboue the whole world: so lea-
ning my life to the answers of your owne loue, I rest,

Yours what you will,

T. R.

Her answer.

SERuant, if you were not a foole, you would not runne so from your wits, as to write you care not how, vpon an imagination you know not what: mine eyes be mine owne, and if your heart be not yours, shall I twinke because you are wilfull? So such matter; and my words haue made a metamorphosis of your wit, I am soie my breath should blow away your vnderstanding; yet lest you should thinke I am past grace, in the pittie of perplexities, let me entreate you not to feare your owne shadow: walke temperately in the Sunne, and the heat will doe you no hurt. So wishing you better then you wish your selfe, not to trouble your head with idle humours: I rest, as I haue reason,

Your loving Mistresse,

M. T.

Conceyted Letters,

A Letter of grieve to a faire creature, that was separated from her second selfe, for playing false with a third person,

Sweet soule that once was, now the most wretchedest creature that is, how haue you made a metamorphosis of your selfe, when you were vertuous, you were faire; now you are viltious, you are soule: when you were wise, you were honored; now you are foolish, you are scorned: when you were gracious, you were beloved; now you be wicked, you are hated. Oh strange alteration, from vertue to vice, from wisdom to folly, from grace to sinne, as to make the creature so offensive to the Creator: what shall I say vnto you: but onely that I am sorie for you, but cannot helpe you, and onely pray for you, that your sin may be forgiven, that your shame may be forgotten: and so beseeching the highest, whom you haue offended most in the mercie of iustice, to shew the glory of his iustie, in the sorrow of humanitie and Christian charitie, with a broken heart to thinke of your wounded soule, wishing your true repentance to be a present for the conuersion of all such unhappy creatures: I rest,

*Your friend, and no further, but in
prayer for your soules health,*

T. R.

Her answer.

My once kinde friend, now worthily farre off from the title of such comfort, with sighes let me write that which I scale with the teares of my heart: I now finde the wound of conscience so deepe cut into my heart,

Newly layde open.

heart, as comes too neer the danger of my soule, and were not faith the strong hold of Hope, Patience would be too full of feare: I confesse shame to be a gentle punishment of sinne, and repentance a true pleader for mercy, for none sees the angry face of sinne, but the repentant sinner. For the world, I hate it, and my selfe most in it, for my sinne, I loath it, and abhorre my selfe for it, and for my life, I am wearie of it, that I care not how soone I were ridde of it: but all things to Gods pleasure, to whom I beseech you in Christiana charity to pray for me, that the Enemies of Christ may not preuaile against me, that whatsoeuer befall me, I may not fall for euer. So with a bleeding heart in the bitterness of griefe, as full of sorrow as a sinfull soule can hold: I rest,

Your worthy^{ly} forsaken friend,

F. R.

A Letter to a friend for his opinion in diuers points of considerations.

My honest Ned, I pray thee write me word by this bearer how thou dost, thy opinion of the world, of life and death, honestie and wit, and what comes into thy head, when thou hast leisure to be idle, I long to heare from thee, to reade thy conceits, which if they be of the old fashon, are better then of the new forme: be what will be, to me it shall be welcome, and thy selfe better whensoever I may see thee: for dull wits and adole heads, so beate about the market in this Towne, that I had rather goe a mile wide, then keepe way with such wilde galls: and so loth to trouble thee with trifling
newes,

Conceyted Letters,

ntwars, to no good purpose, in the affection of a faithfull heart, I rest :

Thine what mine,

B. W.

His answere.

Kind Henry, to answere thy request, in a few words let me tell thee, for the world I finde it a walke that some swearieth a good spirit, this life is but a puffe, and death but an abridgement of time. Now for some notes I have taken of the world, and divers things in it: let me tell thee, that if all the wealth in the world were in one chest, it would not buy one houre of life, if all the honesty of the world were in one heart, it would not buy one bit of bread. and if all the wit in the world were in one twisted pate, it would not buy one iot of grace: and therefore it is made with death at a meaner price, and to carie money with honesty, the better to goe to market, and to ioyne grace with witte, to finde the high way to heauen. This is all for this time I have had leasure to think vpon, as more comes in my head, I will make you acquainted with it, in the meane time, marke what I have written, and it will doe thee no hurt in reading: Farewell.

Thine, or not mine owne

W. F.

FINIS.

